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WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS | SIXPENCE.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "PRINCESS OF WALES" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

This war has played havoc with professional prophets, military and political, at home and abroad. Whatever their views, they have all been hit; even M. Bloch, who said that war was "impossible," because neither belligerent could conquer, and the loss of life on both sides would be paralysing—even he is found not to be omniscient. The actual destruction caused by the deadliest weapons proves to be comparatively small. Eminent surgeons are amazed by the humanity of the Mauser bullet. It perforates one man's brain, and he suffers "trifling discomfort." Another man has four bullets in him, one near the heart, another in the abdomen, and in a week or two he is perfectly well, except for a slight stiffness in a little finger. This must be a disagreeable surprise for M. Bloch. Perhaps he is comforting himself with the opinion of some German experts that the Mauser rifle must be discouraged because it does so little harm. They demand a weapon that will "permanently disable" the wounded, and not send them into hospital to come out again very soon alive and fit. What a pity that the ingenious Bloch cannot apply his intellect to a bullet, or a breech, or a bore, and invent something really annihilating, instead of painting an imaginary Armageddon in a book!

When all the prophets are astray, they ought to rally one another without loss of temper. Mr. John Morley has blamed the Government for lack of foresight. No man is better qualified by temperament to enjoy his own shortcomings, and he will be grateful to me, I am sure, for serving up a perfect feast of them from the third volume of his "Miscellanies." Years ago, in an essay on Sir John Seeley's "Expansion of England," Mr. Morley predicted that when England became involved in a serious war her Colonies would refuse sympathy, money, and men. He quoted another prophet, Mr. Archibald Forbes, who wrote in 1883 these remarkable words: "I, at least, have the implicit conviction that, if England should ever be engaged in a serious struggle with a Power of strength and means, in what condition soever that struggle might leave her, one of the outcomes would be to detach from her the Australian Colonies." What does Mr. Archibald Forbes think to-day about his "implicit conviction"? Was ever a prophecy more handsomely "knocked out" by the hand of history? I don't think Mr. Forbes will bring up his champion for another round, but I should like to know what Mr. Morley thinks now of the issue which he challenged with such luckless zeal. "It would be a happy day," he wrote, "for the Peace Society, that should give the Colonies a veto on Imperial war." What does the Peace Society think of the "happy day" that sees Australia and Canada eagerly sending their best and bravest to fight and die for the Empire on the South African veldt?

Perhaps Mr. Morley has forgotten that unfortunate essay. Or did some acute spasm of misgiving shoot through him when he read of the Canadian who, on hearing that his brother had fallen in action, promptly volunteered to fill the gap? Did Sir Wilfred Laurier's noble assurance that the Canadian dead would be "for ever held in the grateful remembrance of their countrymen" remind Mr. Morley uncomfortably of his own estimate of Colonial chivalry? "Australia has militiamen; but who supposes that they can be spared in any numbers worth considering for long campaigns?" Why should Australia subscribe blood or money for the preservation of the Empire? "The Australian, having as much as he can do to carry on from hand to mouth, would speedily repent himself of that close and filial union with the Mother-Country, which he is now supposed so ardently to desire, when he found his personal resources crippled for the sake of European guarantees or Indian frontiers." Or the upholding of British supremacy in South Africa!

Prophets like Mr. Morley seem to be always haunted by the dread that the British Empire will imitate the Roman, though there is absolutely no point of resemblance between the two. To be a citizen of the Roman Empire was to exercise rights and privileges which were denied to subject populations. To all the white races under her rule Britain has accorded a citizenship the Romans never dreamed of. Its defect is that it lacks a certain breadth. In his book on "America To-day," Mr. William Archer makes the just remark that a British subject ought to be a citizen of the British Empire, as the American is a citizen of the American Republic. To that end we need a consolidation of the Empire, which shall organise all our self-governing communities without trammelling their independence. Mr. Morley was so apprehensive of this idea that he found great comfort some fifteen years ago in the apparent impossibility of Australian confederation. The "best-informed persons" in Australia did not believe in it. To-day it is a great fact, and the first manifestation of the new Australian unity is the most practical evidence of "close and filial" sympathy with the Mother-Country.

On the whole, I don't envy the man who sets up as a political prophet. How disagreeable it must be for Mr. Morley to dip into that volume of his "Miscellanies" and light upon such wisdom as this: "If the English flag were in danger from foreign cruisers Australia would cease to employ our ships, and might possibly find immunity in separation and in establishing a separate flag of her own"! What possible claim to foresight can be made by a man who so hopelessly misconceived the spirit of the Colonies? One may be wrong in estimating the sentiment of a people, or in calculating their self-interest; but the writer who errs both ways ought never to prophesy again. There is a mighty company of discredited prophets just now, and Mr. Morley will have no lack of congenial society. I feel a sincere compassion for some earnest friends of mine, who were confident, two months ago, that the Boers were unconquerable in the field, and that British generalship was finally discomfited. A Vienna editor has lately confessed that he is compelled to publish fantastic Boer "victories" every day because he would otherwise lose half his subscribers. This offers a new refuge for unfulfilled prophecy. If history will not shape itself according to your liking, why believe in history? Why not say it is a mix, and puff it away, after the Horatian method of treating malicious fortune?

This genius for make-believe is not characteristic of the English people. They have the unromantic habit of discrediting news which cannot be verified. Nothing puts them in a rage with their rulers except the suspicion that a dishonest face has been forced upon an alarming situation. They have a stubborn pride, but none of that stupid vanity which cannot bear the truth, and must be fed with delusions. They have, indeed, such a passion for knowing the worst that when it is delivered to them they will sit down and make a gloomy orgie of it. The Englishman who is convinced that everything must go wrong, but, at the same time, will strain every nerve to make it go right, is a much more familiar type than Mark Tapley. He has his own figments, no doubt, because the human mind cannot exist without some nourishment of that sort; but he never lets them make a deliberate imposture of his strength. The habit of free discussion gives an importance to facts and argument in this country which they do not attain elsewhere. In the heat of controversy we may accuse one another of perverting this argument and suppressing that fact; but we are so much accustomed to get at the whole truth, whatever construction we may put upon it, that the disappearance of the famous telegrams which were not produced before the South African Committee has made a commotion far in excess of their actual importance. They will be ranked now among the mysteries of the ages, and a century hence grey-headed gentlemen will burrow at the British Museum in search of a clue, as they still burrow in the heaps of rubbish that have buried the identity of Junius.

With this doggedness of research, which makes newspapers so dull to the foreign reader, there is, of course, a lack of poetry. No London editor—not the veriest Jingo, if such a being exists—could keep any of his subscribers by inventing British victories every day. We cannot earn our bread and butter out of such poetical license. Victor Hugo's method of narrating history paid him very well. Of the battle of Waterloo he wrote: "It was not gained by Wellington; it was not gained by Napoleon; it was gained by God." That gave great satisfaction to the French public; but if an English journal were to serve up the Transvaal War in the same style, its circulation would droop. It is because the English are so terribly matter-of-fact that Mr. George Moore has gathered up literature and the drama, and migrated with them to Dublin. For years he has striven to nurture them in our London atmosphere of smoky statistics. Have you ever noticed a humble window-sill on a foggy day, with a little box of mignonette braving the soot, and a pale face brooding lovingly over its sweetness and frailty? Well, that was a picture of Mr. George Moore cultivating poetry and the drama in this heaven-forsaken Metropolis. Noble was his patience; but it ended at last, and having announced to the world that he and his Irish comrade-writers were like the thrush, and robin, and the nightingale, he took that mignonette away from the thoughtless Thames, and set it "all a-growing and a-blowing" on the Liffey.

And now I read that Mr. Moore has produced at the Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin a play which turns on the financial relations between England and Ireland. There is no doubt about its success. It is full of human interest; it is a withering satire; it has made the Irish official classes squirm. Since Swift pulverised the unfortunate gentleman who had the contract for making halfpence in Ireland, there has been nothing like it. Moreover, 'tis poetical, and the mignonette of literature twines with the shamrock of patriotism round the brow of Mr. Moore. I rejoice in the news, but wish we had kept Mr. Moore among us, and encouraged him to write a play on the Income-Tax, which would have struck desolation to the soul of Somerset House, and made the taxpayers glad. Alas! that could not be, and so literature and Mr. Moore are both lost to us.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

SURRENDER OF CRONJÉ WITH 4000 MEN, AND RELIEF OF LADYSMITH.

Last Tuesday was the anniversary of the humiliation of England on Majuba Hill. It was also the actual date of a humiliation of the Boer Republics, the ultimate effect of which may be far more crushingly complete than was that of poor Colley's disaster in 1881. Last Tuesday morning at daybreak the Transvaal leader, Cronjé, with a force four thousand strong, after sullen endurance of a terrific bombardment lasting several days, surrendered unconditionally to Lord Roberts. By this one success the whole aspect of the war has been so entirely changed that it is impossible as yet to estimate accurately the extent of the damage which has been inflicted upon the Boer arms. But startlingly swift as was the movement which led to this important result, nothing about the latter is more clear than that it was procured by sheer strategical skill and judgment. After such an exhibition of masterly science as that which led to the trapping of Cronjé and his force, we may at least safely hope for the continued prosecution of the campaign on lines which will render the perusal even of this imperfect summary far more pleasing to patriotic sensibilities than it has necessarily been during the past four months.

Last week's record did not bring the actual news of Roberts's movement up to a later date than Feb. 17, but it was known that the enclosure of Cronjé's force was in progress, and that his chances of ultimate escape were small. The fighting on Feb. 18 was extremely severe, and among the wounded was General Hector Macdonald himself. On Monday, Feb. 19, Cronjé, who was now definitely ensconced in a position in the bed of the Modder, near Paardeberg, asked for an armistice, which was, not unnaturally, refused. On Tuesday, Feb. 20, the Boer position, being now completely surrounded, was subjected to a tremendous bombardment from every available gun which Lord Roberts could bring to bear upon it. The effect is described as one of terrific magnificence, the whole of this devastating fire being concentrated upon a ditch about two miles long, 150 ft. wide, and 50 ft. deep. On the fourth and subsequent days a new feature in the struggle was introduced by the appearance of Boer reinforcements from Ladysmith, and on Feb. 21 a marked success was gained by the British occupation of an important kopje, which practically formed the key to the fighting area, and rendered it comparatively easy for us to beat off any attempts to bring relief to the entrapped enemy.

There is no need here to follow in detail the events of the succeeding five days. It is sufficient to say that, in the forlorn hope of being reinforced, Cronjé continued to hold out stubbornly, and that gradually the British forces closed in, at the same time severely punishing every attempt at rescue, until the enemy's position was literally hopeless. A safe-conduct was offered for the women and children in the Boer laager, but this was refused, and at one time it seemed as if annihilation of the whole force must follow. On Tuesday morning, the 27th ult., however, Cronjé thought fit to capitulate, and he and the remnants of his shattered force became prisoners of war. Meanwhile Kimberley had been occupied by Methuen, and trains were once more running between it and Cape Town. Mafeking was still holding out with amazing persistence, and there seemed no question that its relief would quickly follow the capture of Cronjé as a matter of course.

On the southern frontier there has been little stirring, owing chiefly to the fact that neither General Gatacre at Sterkstroom nor General Clements at Arundel has been yet sufficiently reinforced to enable them to make any forward movement of importance. Since the retirement from Arundel the most that Clements has been able to do has been in the nature of reconnaissances in force, which have disclosed the fact that the Boers are still in some strength in this quarter, and apparently very strongly posted. Further to the east, General Brabant with his Colonial Division was displaying considerable activity, making an evident impression upon the rebel Dutch by his descent on Jamestown, twenty-two miles north-east of Dordrecht. At Sterkstroom on Saturday great grief was caused by an untoward occurrence resulting in the loss of two valuable and popular officers. During a reconnaissance of the Boer position at Stormberg a party of scouts under that gallant Lancer, Captain Montmorency, V.O., who was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Hoskier, of the 3rd Volunteer Artillery, came into close contact with the enemy, and the parties opened fire on each other at fifty yards, both the officers named being killed.

Turning our attention now to Natal, it will be remembered that we broke off last week at the occupation of Colenso by Hart's Brigade on Tuesday, Feb. 20. On the following day three brigades of infantry and five batteries of artillery crossed the Tugela by a pontoon bridge near Hlangwane Hill, and some brisk fighting followed, in which General Wynne was wounded. On Thursday and Friday the fighting grew still more severe, the Boers on the first day making vigorous but unsuccessful counter-attacks with a view to driving us across the river; while on Feb. 23 a terribly costly attempt was made by Hart's Brigade against the inner line of the Pieters position.

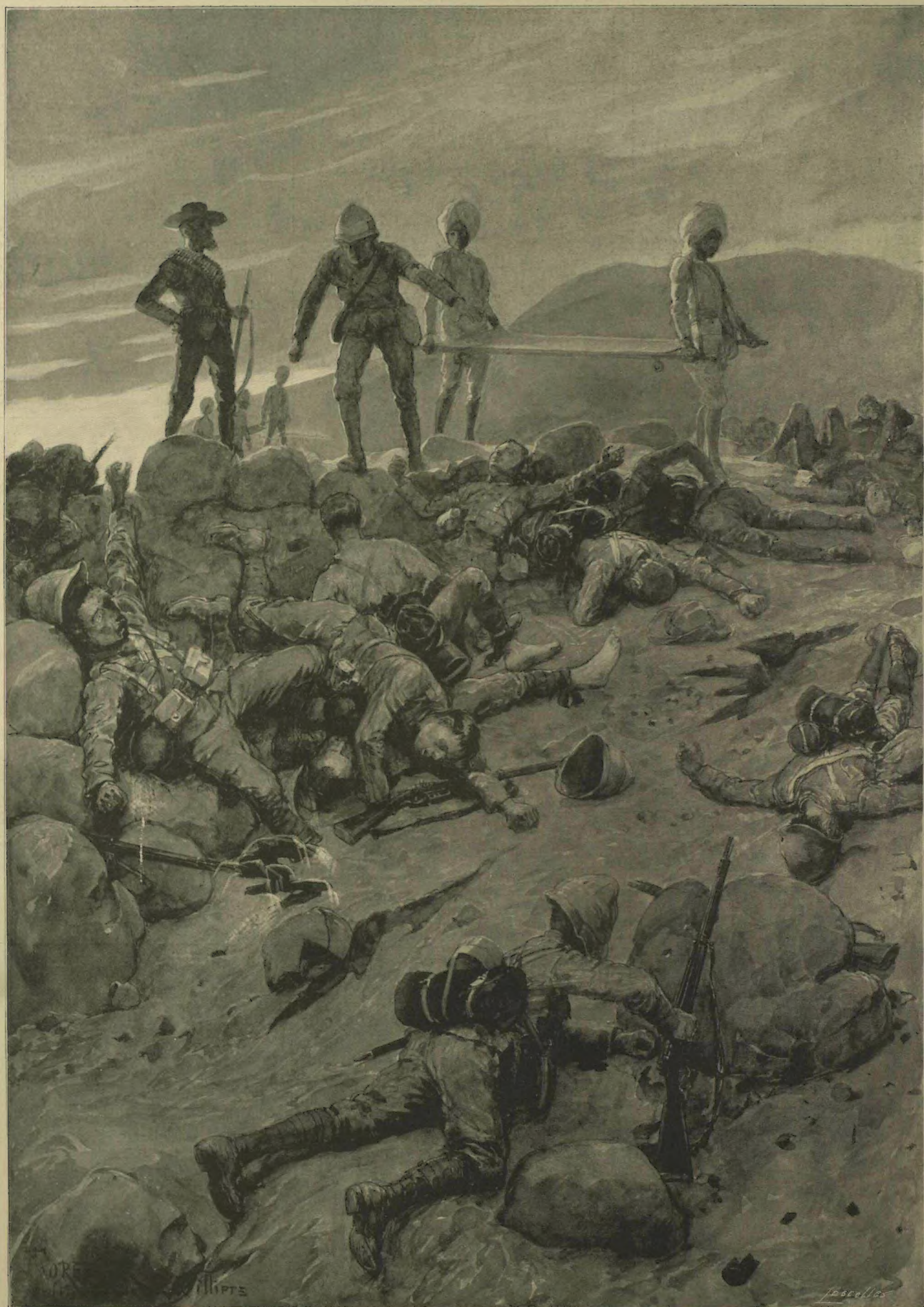
THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH

was prefaced by a smart action on the part of Buller. On Monday he recrossed the Tugela, and made a fresh advance on Tuesday. Barton captured the top of Pieters Hill, and "the enemy's main position" was carried by Warren. On Thursday the welcome news reached the War Office that Ladysmith had been relieved at last. On Wednesday night Lord Dundonald, with the Natal Carbineers, entered Ladysmith, which has been so pluckily defended.

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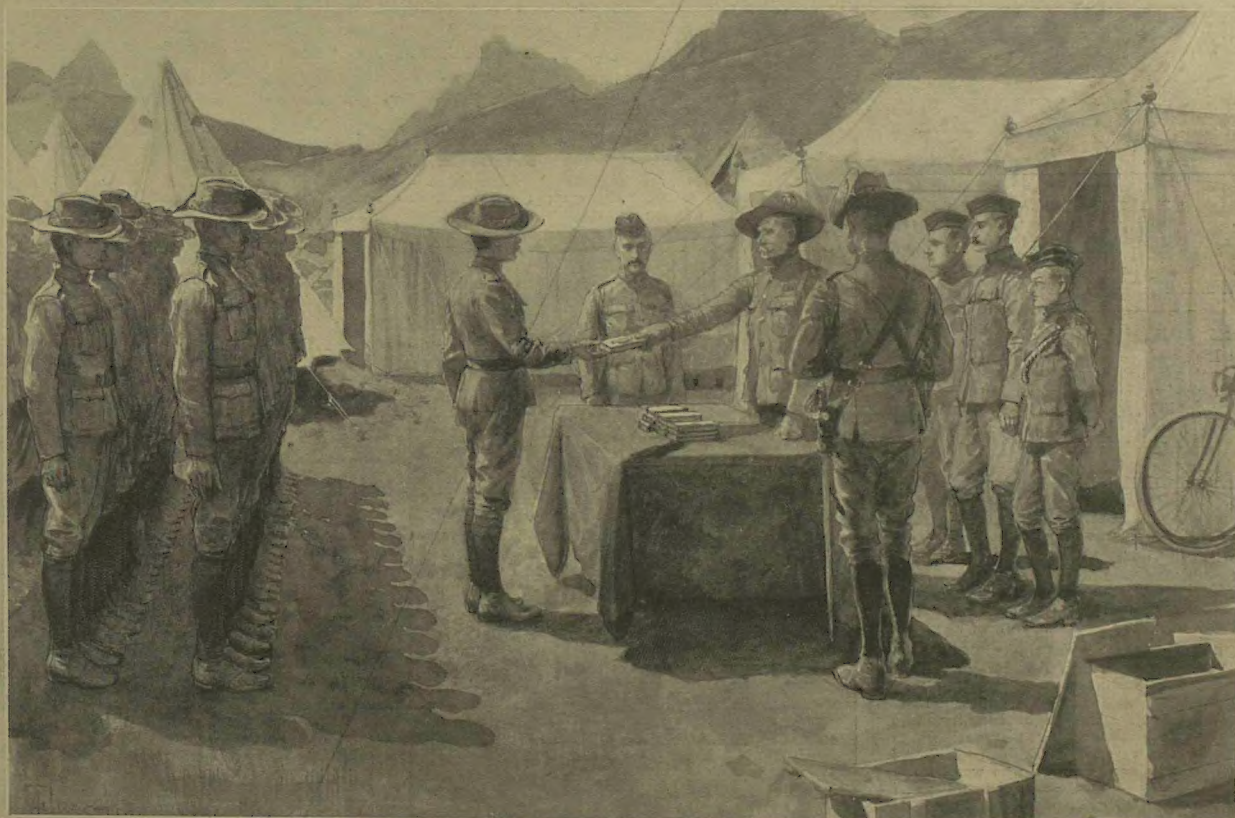
SORTING THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD: DAWN ON SPION KOP, JANUARY 25.

From our Special Artist with General Buller's Force.



RECEPTION ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE OF THE NEWS OF CRONJÉ'S SURRENDER.

Members gave ten rousing cheers, and then, at a signal, uncovered and sang "God Save the Queen."



THE QUEEN'S CHOCOLATE: PRESENTATION OF HER MAJESTY'S GIFT TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S OWN VOLUNTEER RIFLES ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 25, AT HEADQUARTERS CAMP IN THE FIELD AT BEAUFORT WEST.

From a Sketch by Sergeant W. Morris.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRINCESS OF WALES'S HOSPITAL-SHIP.

The return to Southampton of the Princess of Wales's hospital-ship, bearing 176 wounded soldiers from South Africa, was the occasion for a visit paid by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to the vessel on Feb. 26. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Duke of York, left Marlborough House in the morning for Southampton, where they arrived at twenty minutes past eleven. The party immediately went on board, where they were received by Captain Johnson, Major Morgan, and Major Macpherson. At the conclusion of the visit to the ship, the party went to Netley, where they saw some three hundred patients.

OUR WAR PICTURES.

From Mr. Melton Prior in Ladysmith we have received sketches of the battle of Caesar's Camp, giving a graphic representation of how the Manchester Regiment repelled the Boer attack, and the method of handing over the Boer dead by the Natal Volunteers. Mr. Prior's letter, which is dated Jan. 16, tells how he sent out the tracings of these pictures by a native runner. The messenger had to return, and, being again sent out, was shot on the road. Mr. Prior, therefore, made other tracings, and these are now published, together with a



STALHEIM HOTEL, NORWAY, BURNED DOWN FEB. 20.

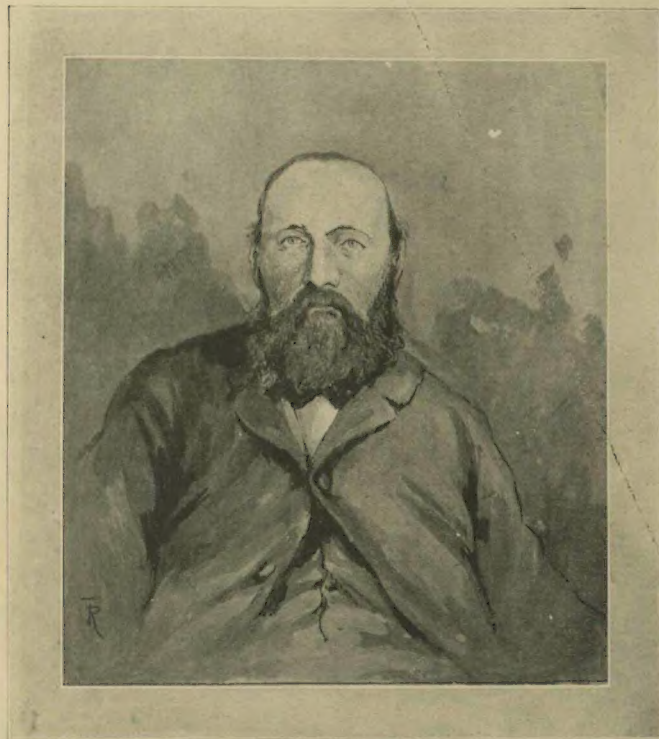
Also at Paardeberg fell Captain Edward John Dewar, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who was born in 1868, entered the Army at the age of twenty, obtained his Company in 1891, and served in that year with the Expedition to Manipur. A comrade in death was Captain Bertram Archdall Newbury, 2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

Captain Francis Alfred P. Wilkins, who lost his life on the same occasion, was Adjutant of the 1st Battalion Suffolk Regiment. He had passed into Sandhurst at the head of the list in 1890.

Captain Henry Grylls Majendie, of the Rifle Brigade, was second in command of Roberts's Horse at Dekiel's Drift, Riet River, when he received the wounds from which he succumbed the same day. The only son of the late Colonel Sir Vivian Dering Majendie, he was born thirty-five years ago.

Captain the Hon. Raymond Harvey Lodge Joseph de Montmorency, V.C., of the 21st Lancers, who fell in a reconnaissance at Stormberg, was the eldest son of the third Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, and he was born at Montreal thirty-three years ago. He was educated at Marlborough and at Sandhurst, and he served in the Nile Expedition of 1898.

In the list of the casualties at the relief of Kimberley occurs the name of a very young officer, Second Lieutenant the Hon. William McClinton Bumbury, of the Scots Greys, the elder son of the second Lord Rathdonnell, a Representative Peer of Ireland. He entered the 2nd Dragoons



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF GENERAL CRONJE.

facsimile of his letter. From our artist with General Buller's forces on the Tugela, we have received a picture of the scene on the morning after Spion Kop.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

Major Francis Richard Macmullen, of the 2nd Battalion Wiltshire Regiment, has died at Rensburg, from wounds, at the age of forty-four. He entered the 62nd Foot from the Militia in 1877, and, five years later, served in the Egyptian Campaign at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir.

Captain Walter Levinge Thurnburn, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, is reported as killed near Ladysmith, having been shot while gallantly leading his men against the Boer position. Captain Thurnburn, who was only in his thirtieth year, entered the Army through the Militia in 1891, and obtained his Company a year ago.

During the fighting under Sir Redvers Buller on the Tugela at Hissar Hill, Moord Kraal, and Monte Cristo, the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment lost five men and one officer—Captain Thomas Hugh Berney, who had served in Ashanti in 1895-96, and was thirty-four years of age.

The fighting near Paardeberg, which marked the advance of Lord Roberts on the days between Feb. 16 and 18, cost the country the lives of a gallant group of young officers. One of these was Second Lieutenant Vere Annesley Ball-Aston, 1st Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry, who entered only last year. Two senior Lieutenants who fell in the same fighting were Frederick Joan Siorlet, of the 1st Battalion West Riding Regiment, who was born in 1871 and entered the Army at the age of twenty; and Lieutenant George Edward Courtenay, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who was twenty-five years of age, and was serving in South Africa with the Mounted Infantry. Yet another young life lost at Paardeberg was that of Lieutenant Edward Percival, 4th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps. He entered the Army two years ago, and at the time of his death in action, when he was serving with the Mounted Infantry, he was only in his twenty-fourth year.



WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP, "FEARLESS FOOTSTEPS."
Messrs. Fawcett's "Fearless Footsteps" (nominated by Mr. J. Hartley Bibby) handsomely beat the Duke of Leeds' "Lancashire" in the final round.

Ladysmith
Jan 16th 1900

My dear Sir.

My Kaffir runners with tracings of the Battle of Caesar's Camp went out to get through the Boer lines but together with all the other correspondents runner had to return - I sent him out again and now hear he was shot on the road. I have therefore made more tracings, I send them on again, & trust this Kaffir will be more successful. At the end of the Siege I shall send you over 40 Originals, (tracings of which I have sent you) - in the event of your not having received them all

Yours very sincerely
Melton Prior

FROM A BESIEGED RESIDENT: MR. MELTON PRIOR'S
LAST LETTER FROM LADYSMITH.

from the Militia last year, and came of age only a few months ago.

Captain Cecil Eykyn, of the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), has died of the wounds he received during the fighting under General MacDonald at Keodoosberg. Captain Eykyn entered the Army through the Militia in 1889, he obtained his Company in 1898, and he has lost his life in his thirty-third year.

Sergeant Wilson, of the 1st Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, lost his life in one of Lord Methuen's battles by the Modder River. "His loss is greatly deplored by all in the regiment," wrote Colour-Sergeant Carey to the soldier's father, "for he was always there when wanted."

STALHEIM HOTEL BURNED.

Not a few tourists to Norway will regret to hear that the picturesque hotel of Stalheim was burnt to the ground on Feb. 20. The hotel was the midway halting-place in one of the most delightful tours that Norway offers. Starting from Vossevangen, the terminus of the Bergen Railway, a drive of some five or six hours brought the traveller to the head of the Naerodal or Narrow Valley, the scenery of which is unsurpassed. The ascent to the hotel had then to be made on foot, along a zigzag path, the house being reached after about half an hour's climbing. Next morning tourists usually went on to Gudvangen, where they caught their steamer. At Stalheim Hotel the Princess of Wales and her daughters have stayed, and the Empress Eugenie has been a visitor. The German Emperor has also often stayed there.

PERSONAL.

The late Lord Rosmead, better known during a long official career as Sir Hercules Robinson, made a part of his fame in South Africa during the troublous times that followed the Jameson Raid. The same ground may yet yield distinction to his son, the successor to his title and to his name of Hercules, for Captain Lord Rosmead is at present on service there with the 3rd Royal Irish Fusiliers. Born in 1866, he married, in 1891, Edith, daughter of the fourth Lord Castlemaine, and has held for three out of the four years of its existence the family Barony created in 1896.

The builder of bridges has always been considered among the chief of public benefactors; and the Popes of Rome took "Pontifex Maximus" as the proudest of their titles. After a declaration of war one of the first announcements is that a bridge has been destroyed, and with that intelligence everybody knows that the war has begun in good earnest. In the present war the passage of rivers has played a conspicuous part, and the destruction of bridges spanning the Molder and the Tugela meant much for the armies of England, who had to ford shallow waters where they could, build where it was possible, and construct pontoon-bridges where time failed for more solid structures. In the work of construction, the Army had the aid of one gentleman in particular, Mr. W. Shores, the Chief Engineer of the Natal Government Railways. He built the trestle-bridge at Frere in seven days, and received for his record feat the personal congratulations of Sir Redvers Buller.

Perhaps it has never before happened that the medal of the Royal Humane Society should find so venerable a recipient as it did last month at the Court House, Lisnaskea, County Fermanagh, when it was handed by Lord Erne to the Rev. William Cripps Ledger, the Rector of that parish. The feat it commemorated—one all the more praiseworthy for having been performed in winter—was the rescue of a poor woman from drowning in the Ballindarragh River. Mr. Ledger, now in his seventy-third year, belongs to a well-known Limerick family, and more than half a century ago he saved the life of a youth, swept away by the Atlantic, at Kilkee, County Clare.

Among sons of the clergy who have volunteered for service in South Africa in the present campaign is included Mr. Knox Little, son of Canon Knox Little, who is going to the front with the Bucks Imperial Yeomanry.

Major-General Joseph Henry Laye, now Deputy Adjutant-General at the War Office, has had an active career since 1867, when he became an Ensign in the 90th Light Infantry at the age of eighteen. Five years later he became Adjutant of his regiment, and so remained for six years, at the end of which time he took his Captaincy. A little later he became Adjutant to the 3rd Lancashire Volunteers; was Assistant Adjutant-General in the Southern District from 1895 to 1899, when he became Assistant Adjutant-General at Headquarters, his new post causing a transfer of his services only this month. This Staff service at home was interrupted by terms of active service abroad, Major-General Laye having gone through the Kaffir War of 1878 and the Zulu War of 1879.

The first contingents of the Imperial Yeomanry are to be followed by reinforcement of companies, authority for which has now been issued to the Committee. The reinforcement will be at the rate of twelve men per company. Among our portraits of the force we include that of Captain G. T. Smith-Bosanquet.

General George C. Clarke, C.B., who died on Feb. 9 at Church House, Hatfield, was born in 1814, and entered the Army in 1834. He served with the Scots Greys—of which

he afterwards became Colonel—in the Crimean War. He took part in the battles of Balaklava, Inkerman, and Tchernaya, and was present at the siege and fall of Sebastopol.

Literature has suffered a distinct loss in the death of Mr. Henry Duff Traill, who died suddenly on Feb. 21 at the Great Western Hotel, Paddington. Mr. Traill was born at Blackheath in 1842, and was the son of Mr. James Traill, stipendiary magistrate of Woolwich and Blackheath. From Merchant Taylors' School he proceeded to St. John's College, Oxford, where he graduated with honours in 1865. In 1869 he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, and from 1870 to 1871 was Inspector of Returns under the Education Act. Like many barristers, he turned his attention to journalism, in which he found success. He served on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *St. James's Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Observer*, the last-named of which he edited. He produced many books on a wide range of subjects, and on the establishment of *Literature* became

Lord Rosebery has written a letter to say that he blames the Government not for "over-preparation, but for under-preparation." A mysterious correspondent of an evening paper suggests that Lord Rosebery is one of the few who know that the French Government means to declare war on us in September, after the closing of the Exhibition. This knowledge, it seems, is shared by Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Wyndham, but not by Lord Salisbury. We are to be invaded by 150,000 men burning to avenge Fashoda, and the Prime Minister, who does not know it, is not enlightened by the War Office. This is the sort of scare which pleases Mr. Stead.

The Canadian Ministry, which has just met the reassembled Parliament, has been objected to the cross fire of opponents, some of whom say it should have sent out troops in aid of the Motherland more quickly, and others of whom attack them for sending out men at all without the sanction of Parliament. One charge may be fairly set against the other. Sir Wilfrid Laurier did an unconstitutional thing when he sent the Canadian contingent without waiting till Parliament met, but he did a right and proper thing. If he took time to consider his course, and even paused on the threshold of so novel a responsibility, he did exactly what a prudent man should do. This view of the situation has been put forward in an eloquent speech by Sir Richard Cartwright, who denounces in the Canadian House of Commons as worse enemies of the Empire than Kruger those who, for party purposes, have tried in this matter to set English and French Canadians at enmity with each other.

In the debate on the Naval Estimates a high compliment was paid to Sir Francis Evans, Chairman of the Union Steam-ship Company, for the zeal and ability with which he has superintended a great part of the transport service to South Africa. He has personally inspected every ship of the Union line in the minutest detail, so that nothing should be wanting to the comfort of officers and men. The Government owe the Mercantile Marine a debt which they are not slow to acknowledge.

War is a murderous game, but it does not kill or maim so many men as the railway system of this country. Hundreds of railway-shunters lose their lives every year and thousands are disabled. These casualty-lists attract no public attention, but they cause a great deal more private suffering among the people than all the butchery of a campaign.

Mr. Grogan, the first European who has travelled from the Cape to Cairo, states that many of the native troops in the service of the Belgians in Africa are cannibals. He had several narrow

escapes from being eaten. Once he had a fight that lasted four days, during which he had no food. The reflection that he was the food the pursuers were in search of must have given an edge to his appetite.

The Duke of Orleans is said to have left London for Lisbon, in consequence of the scandal he has excited by his letter of congratulation to M. Willette, the artist who drew a disgusting caricature of the Queen. There is no doubt as to the authenticity of this letter, although the Duke has issued a perfunctory denial. Such conduct makes the man who is guilty of it an irredeemable outcast. The Orleans family owes much to England, and especially to the kindness of the Queen. There must be some members of the family who feel that its nominal head has covered it with disgrace.

To one Frenchman the universal contempt which has befallen the Duke of Orleans must afford a grim satisfaction. This is Prince Victor Bonaparte, the other Pretender. He may have little chance of setting up a Third Empire in France, but at least he has done nothing unbefitting to a gentleman.

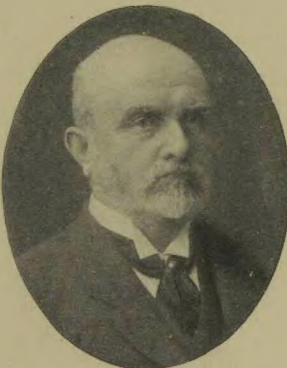


Photo. Robertson, Natal.
MR. W. SHORES
(Chief Engineer Natal Government Railways).



Photo. Russell.
THE REV. W. CRIPPS LEDGER
(Awarded Humane Society's Medal).

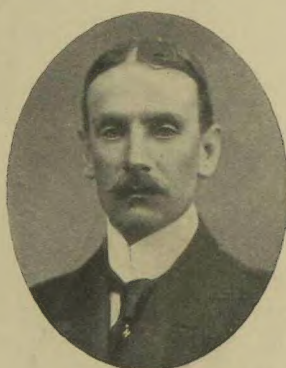


Photo. Maull and Fox.
CAPTAIN LORD ROSMEAD.



Photo. Mayall.
THE LATE GENERAL CLARKE.



Photo. Russell, Windsor.
MR. KNOX LITTLE
(Bucks Imperial Yeomanry).



Photo. Walker.
MAJOR-GENERAL LAYE
(New Deputy Adjutant-General).

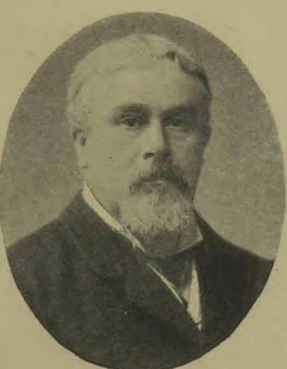


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. H. D. TRAILL.



Photo. Russell and Sons.
CAPTAIN G. T. SMITH-BOSANQUET
(Imperial Yeomanry).



Photo. Frodell and Young.
THE LATE MR. B. E. BRODHURST, F.R.C.S.

the first editor. He had humour, a light, pleasant touch, and was sufficiently imbued with older models to detect the falseness of the so-called new fiction, which he cleverly satirised. His influence on contemporary literature may be described as bracing, and his place is one which it will be hard to fill.

Mr. Bernard Edward Brodhurst, F.R.C.S., the eminent surgeon, was seventy-eight years of age when he lately died at his residence in Portland Place. Educated for his profession in London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, he became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1844, and a Fellow in 1859. Meanwhile he had accepted the post of Surgeon of the Royal Orthopedic Hospital, a post he still held at the time of his death. He was on the staff of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, was Consulting Surgeon in the Belgrave Hospital for Children, was attached for eleven years to St. George's Hospital, and for a time was Lecturer there on Orthopedic Surgery. He was, besides, a Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical and of the Clinical and Pathological Societies, and he made many valuable contributions to medical literature.



A BOER METHOD OF GETTING WAGONS DOWN STEEP PLACES.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. H. LEA, HOWICK, NATAL.

It has been the custom of the Boers, where the ground was perfectly suitable, and where the impetus was considered too great for brake and tied-up wheel, to attach a plough to the wagon. It proves an excellent help as a brake.

THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.



THE BATTLE OF CAESAR'S CAMP: THE MANNER OF HANDING OVER THE BOER DEAD BY THE NATAL VOLUNTEERS.

Facsimile Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.



Photo. Inverness, Perth.
CAPTAIN CECIL EYKYN
(2nd Royal Highlanders, Died of Wounds,
Koodoosberg).



Photo. Bassano.
CAPTAIN H. G. MAJENDIE
(Second in Command Roberts's Horse, Killed,
Dekiel's Drift).



Photo. Bassano.
LIEUTENANT G. E. COURTENAY
(Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Killed,
Paardeberg).



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.
CAPTAIN THURBURN
(Royal Scots Fusiliers, Killed, Ladysmith).



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.
CAPTAIN T. H. BERNET
(2nd West Yorkshire Regiment, Killed on Tugela).



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.
LIEUTENANT F. J. SIORDET
(West Riding Regiment, Killed, Paardeberg).



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.
LIEUTENANT E. PERCEVAL
(4th King's Royal Rifles, Killed, Paardeberg).



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.
LIEUTENANT BALL-ACSON
(Oxfordshire Light Infantry, Killed, Paardeberg).



Photo. Kinnel, Windsor.
SECOND LIEUT. THE HON. W. MCCLINTOCK BUNSBURY
(Scots Greys, Killed, Paardeberg).



CAPTAIN THE HON. R. DE MONTMORENCY, V.C.
(Montmorency's Scouts, Killed, Sterkstroom).



Photo. Stern, Colombo.
SERGEANT E. G. E. WILSON
(1st Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, Killed,
Modder River).



Photo. E. Hull.
CAPTAIN WILKINS
(Suffolk Regiment, Killed, Renaburg).



Photo. Fry, Brighton.
CAPTAIN B. A. NEWBURY
(Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, Killed,
Paardeberg).



Photo. Hughes and Mullins.
CAPTAIN E. J. DEWAR
(4th King's Royal Rifles, Killed, Paardeberg).



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.
MAJOR F. R. MACMULLEN
(2nd Wiltshire Regiment, Died of Wounds,
Renaburg).



Photo G. H. Evans

THE STEAM-SHIP "MORAVIAN" LEAVING WOOLLOOMOOLOO BAY, SYDNEY, WITH NEW SOUTH WALES TROOPS FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA, JANUARY 17, 1900.



Photo G. H. Evans

CONTINGENT OF CEYLON MOUNTED INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

This corps left Colombo for South Africa on February 1, amidst a scene of the greatest enthusiasm. The men are mostly tea-planters, good riflemen and good shots.

OUR COLONIAL AUXILIARIES: THE SECOND VICTORIAN CONTINGENT.

Photographs by J. R. Mann, Victoria.



OFFICERS OF THE SECOND VICTORIAN CONTINGENT FOR THE CAPE.



THE SECOND VICTORIAN CONTINGENT FOR THE CAPE LEAVING MELBOURNE ON JANUARY 13: COLONEL PRICE LEADING HIS MEN.

O P E R A T I O N S I N N A T A L.



AMBULANCE CONVOY FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Facsimile Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. A. Stewart.



A SCENE ON THE TUGELA.



THE TUGELA FALLS.



'FIGHTING MAC': MAJOR-GENERAL HECTOR A. MACDONALD, COMMANDING THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Pictograph by Heath, Plymouth.



THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.—BATTLE OF CÆSAR'S CAMP: THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT REPELLING THE BOER ATTACK.

Ensemble Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

A SOLDIER SAYS PHRASES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The attempt to fasten a fresh misanthropism on the English, in the shape of an accusation of having purchased documents abstracted from the Ministry of Marine, having failed, the Anglophobic fever from which the French are suffering has neither abated nor increased. Four of the Great Powers of Europe having come to the conclusion, though somewhat late, that France has no military secrets worth pilfering, and having, in consequence of that conclusion, withdrawn their military attachés, France has suddenly become convinced that the Intelligence Departments of all the War Offices throughout the world are equally barren of valuable information, and contemplates recalling her naval and military representatives. There is an apparent contradiction between the two items of news thus summarily conveyed, but that is not my fault, or, for the matter of that, the fault of anybody. It is the result of trying to grasp at once two of the decisions of the supposedly most logical people on the face of the earth. Emile de Girardin, one day wrote: "What does it matter having calumny against you when logic is in your favour? Calumny disappears, logic remains." The reader may find his way out of the maze into which I have, perhaps, somewhat maliciously decoyed him by reversing Girardin's proposition. It would read this way: "What does it matter having logic against you when calumny is your stronger weapon? Logic may be brushed away. Some of the calumny is sure to stick, brush you never so hard." Let the reader try.

There is no need to apologise for giving prominence just now to military matters. We are getting terribly *courcier*, as the French say. The other day I was told of an old lady whose husband and son both fell at Inkermann, and who has been avoiding the word "war" ever since, if not cursing it in her heart. She is considerably over ninety and still very active, entertaining her friends and so forth. To the latter's surprise they found on the occasion of one of their visits an old uniform of the late Colonel ostentatiously displayed on the drawing-room sofa. The dear old soul was also suffering from a touch of the "war epidemic," as Dr. Andrew Wilson graphically puts it. Hence it will be interesting to watch the efforts of a fairish section of the Legislature to reduce the active service with the French colours to two years. The would-be reformers maintain that one can teach the business of soldiering to no matter how raw a recruit in four-and-twenty months. My opinions on the subject need not be ventilated here. I am anxious to learn what General de Gallifet, who has seen as much active service as any living French General, will have to say on the matter; and I am authentically informed that both Generals Saussier and Du Barail, though in retirement, will make themselves heard.

I have a sincere respect and admiration for the last-named veterans. They have many charming qualities of head and heart which have, perhaps, not been so lavishly meted out to Gallifet; yet, in this instance, I would sooner put my trust in him than in them. A week after his acceptance of the portfolio of War, I ventured to predict that he would prove the best tenant of that portfolio the Third Republic has seen. I predicted this with a pretty accurate knowledge of some of his earliest predecessors under the present régime, and of their doings in the way of welding the heterogeneous fragments of the legions of the Second Empire into a homogeneous whole. Up to the present, there is no reason to go back from my opinion. Gallifet is the incarnation of hard common-sense in all that relates to his profession, though by no means so impervious to idealism in his private life. He is, above all, utterly indifferent either to the hostile clamour or to the enthusiastic applause of the Legislature, most of whose members he rightly suspects of knowing as much of the science of war as an Auvergnat water-carrier or a turncock of the science of hydrostatics. He is equally impervious to the epithets of the Socialists, etc. One day at the beginning of his office and during his momentary absence from the House, they yelled, "Assassin! assassin!" Gallifet heard them from the lobby. "Coming, gentlemen, coming; sorry to have kept you waiting," he said smiling, and regaining his seat. They have not repeated the cry.

Last week, during the discussion of the Army Estimates in connection with the current Budget, he swept away two proposals of two deputies with a few words devoted to each. One legislator wanted a credit of two millions of francs for socks for the soldiers. He had, perhaps, read of the gifts of that nature sent out to Mr. Thomas Atkins. "If the soldiers got the socks they would not wear them," said Gallifet; and there the matter ended. Was the assertion an unfounded one? Not at all. The rural populations of France, which constitute the greater part of the army, would not willingly take to socks. They are not accustomed to them; they would use them very destructively, and would grudge the cost of their mending, for mend them with their own clumsy hands they could not. And socks with the toes out and holes in the heels are unquestionably more conducive to blisters on the march than the calico bandages (or coarse linen) now in use, which leave both the toes and the heels free, and are more easy and inexpensive to wash—provided they are washed—than the footgear worn by more delicate and less destructive mortals.

General de Gallifet did, however, not trouble himself to provide this explanation. He simply spoke the few words quoted, and the matter dropped. He did the same thing with the second proposal, bearing upon the organisation of reserve remounts, and, as in the previous case, the Chamber "allowed him to know best." It is unquestionably a new departure on the part of the Republicans, who have always claimed the right to interfere in all matters, whether they understood them or not. The interference was always pressed in direct proportion to their ignorance. Gallifet is seventy or thereabouts; luckily, perhaps, for the peace of Europe, and more luckily still for the existence of the Republic. Had he come into power ten or fifteen years ago, his growing preponderance might have changed the complexion of many problems.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
C. H. HOWELL (Lynwood).—(1) In the solution Black's second move should be printed K to K 3rd or P to Kt 5th, and then Q or B mates accordingly.
(2) The more correct should be P to K 3rd, not B 3rd; 3. Q mates either at Kt 5th or Q 4th.
W. MITCHELL (Carnforth).—We regret we are unable to comply with your request, having no file of the column available.
BARBARA DAW (Moradabad).—A very neat strategem, which shall appear.
MISS D. GREGORY, W. A. CLARK, and HARCOURT HOLMES.—Problems marked for insertion.
C. W. (Sunderby) and HERBERT A. SALWAY.—Thanks for problems.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 204, 205, and 206 received from C. A. M. (Vernon); of No. 207 from Walter St. C. Lord (Santa Barbara, California); of No. 208 from Emile Fran Lyons, J. W. D. Hoare (Bognor), Inspector J. T. Palmer (Nelson), F. C. Hansher, S. H. Carter (Wrexham), J. Bailey (Newark), and C. H. Joyner (Cheltenham College); of No. 212 from W. M. Kelly (Worthing), Mrs. C. E. H. (Clifton), Alpha, Colonel Adolf Grantz (Hungary), F. J. Cady (Norwood), Emile Fran Lyons, Jacob Verrall (Boswell), C. M. A. B. and F. C. Hansher.

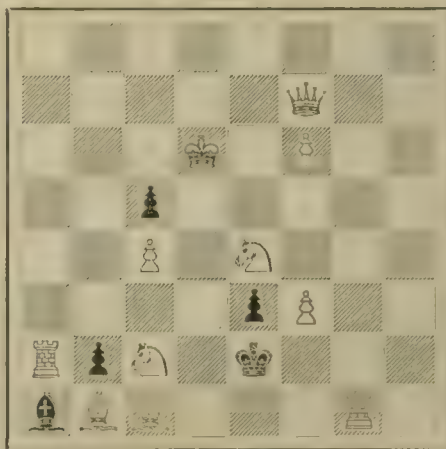
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 213 received from Mrs. A. E. Carpenter (Eye), S. G. Roberts, F. Harrison (Liverpool), Mrs. W. Mitchell (Camforth), H. J. Brundish (Harrist), Emile Fran Lyons, F. J. Cady (Norwood), C. E. H. (Clifton), W. M. Kelly (Worthing), C. B. Joyner (Cheltenham College), J. W. D. Hoare (Bognor), William A. Lillies (Edinburgh), Sorrento, W. H. Bohn (Worthing), Rupert Roberts (Stratford), F. G. Ware, C. M. A. B., J. F. Moon, Charles Burnett, W. R. B. (Clifton), T. Smith (Brighton), R. T. Hakes, Rev. A. Mays (Beiford), Rev. Robert Be. Cowpen, H. Le Jeune, Lawrence Parbury (Beiford), Hereward, Stettin, Reginald Gordon (Kensington), V. Hadland (Beiford), T. Roberts, Shadforth, J. H. Warburton (Lea), W. Whitcomb, T. Colledge (Hullborough), Amphibolus, Handmaster E. P. Edwards (Gravesend), Hermit, Edith Corser (Leigate), R. Nugent (Southwold), F. Dalby, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. Worters (Canterbury), D. B. R. (Oban), Miss D. Gresson, Edward J. Sharpe, A. E. C. Carpenter (Liverpool), Blar H. (Cobham), Harting, N. A. Eyre (Edinburgh), Alpha, W. A. Bernard (Clynnham), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Adham), and Thomas Charlton (Chelham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 202. BY H. A. SALWAY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 6th. K to R 4th.
2. Q to Q 7th (ch). K takes Kt or moves
3. Q mates.

If Black play 1. P takes Kt, 2. Q to K 3rd (ch); and if 1. K to B 6th, then 2. B to Q 3rd (ch), and Q mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 213.—BY A. J. ALLEN.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between MOISSE, TCHIGORIN and TELLIATZ.

(Two Knights Game).

| WHITE (Mr. Tschigorin). | BLACK (Mr. Tschigorin). | WHITE (Mr. Tschigorin). | BLACK (Mr. Tschigorin). |
|--|-------------------------|--|-------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 16. Q to B 3rd | K to Q 2nd |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 17. Kt to B 6th (ch) | K to B sq |
| 3. B to R 4th | Kt to B 3rd | 18. R takes Kt | Q takes B |
| 4. P to Q 4th | | 19. R takes Kt | K to K sq |
| The Max Lange variation came from this line of play, and are more lively than the ordinary humanian continuations. | | | |
| 5. Castles | P takes P | 20. Q R to K sq | P to Q R 4th |
| 6. R takes P | B to B 4th | 21. R takes P (at B 5) | |
| 7. R takes P | P takes B | A weak move, which leads to a lost game. | |
| 8. P to K 5th | P to Q 4th | 22. Kt to K 4th | R to B 2nd |
| 9. R takes Kt | P takes B | 23. Q to K 2nd | K to R 2nd |
| 10. P to K sq (ch) | B to K 3rd | 24. R to K 4th | Q R to K B sq |
| 11. P to Q 4th | Q to Q 4th | 25. R to K 3rd | R to B 6th |
| 12. Q to K 3rd | Q to B 4th | 26. Kt to Q 2nd | R to B 6th |
| 13. Q Kt to K 4th | B to Kt 3rd | 27. R to R 3rd | P to Q 6th |
| 14. P takes P | K R to K sq | 28. Q takes P | R takes P (ch) |
| 15. P to K Kt 4th | Q to Kt 3rd | 29. K to R sq | Q takes B P |
| 16. Kt takes B | P takes Kt | 30. Kt to B 3rd | R takes Kt |
| 17. B to K Kt 5th | R takes P | Black wins. | |

Another game, between MESSRS. SCHWARZ and DOSTIZKI.

(Semi-Random).

| WHITE (Mr. S.). | BLACK (Mr. D.). | WHITE (Mr. S.). | BLACK (Mr. D.). |
|--|-----------------|--|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 16. P to B 6th | Q to K 3rd |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 17. Kt takes Q P | |
| 3. P to B 4th | P takes P | A pretty sacrifice. The Q R file being open, the attack must be worth something later. | |
| 4. P to Q 4th | | 18. P to Q 4th | K takes Kt |
| This variation of the Vienna opening constitutes the well-known and much played "Schwarzschild" variation. | | | |
| 5. K to K 2nd | P to K 4th | 19. P to K 3rd | Q to B 1st |
| 6. P to Q 4th | Q to R 5th (ch) | 20. P takes P (ch) | K takes P |
| 7. P to K 2nd | P to K 4th | 21. P takes Kt | P takes P |
| 8. P to K 3rd | P to B 3rd | 22. R to Q 4th | K to K 2nd |
| 9. P to K 3rd | P takes P (ch) | 23. P takes P (ch) | B takes P |
| 10. P to K 3rd | Q to K sq | 24. R to B 5th (ch) | K to Q sq |
| 11. P to K 3rd | P to K 3rd | 25. R to B 6th (ch) | K to K 2nd |
| 12. P takes P | P to Q 4th | 26. P to K 3rd | |
| 13. P to B 4th | P to K 5th | 27. Q to Kt 4th (ch) | K to Q 2nd |
| 14. Q to R 4th | P to K 3rd | 28. R to Q sq | Q to K 3rd |
| 15. Q to R 4th | P to K 3rd | 29. R takes B (ch) | P takes B |
| | | 30. R to R 7th (ch) | Q takes P |
| | | 31. B takes Q | K takes B |
| | | 32. R to B 6th (ch) | |

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

BOOKS TO READ.

LONDON: Feb. 27, 1900.

Two new volumes by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, containing nearly a thousand pages of print!—an excellent beginning to the literary week. But although "From Sea to Sea" (Macmillan) is new to the general public, to those who, by inclination or by chance, are in the way of peeping behind the scenes of book-production the contents of these volumes are not unfamiliar. For there is a land across the Atlantic where the Pirate Publisher flourishes. Ingenious and enterprising is he, one of his enterprises being to disinter "old newspaper work from the decent seclusion of the office files," to deck it out in an attractive dress, and then to sell it only too well. From him Mr. Kipling has suffered. Little books, little pamphlets, dug from the office files of the two Anglo-Indian papers—the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Trooper*, on whose staffs Mr. Kipling began his career—have made their way round the world. They are the special correspondence he wrote for those papers between the age of twenty-two and twenty-five. Travelled through India, Burma, China, Japan, America—that is all. Hundreds of men have had similar commissions, but this was Rudyard Kipling's commission. The Pirate Publisher saw the value of this special correspondence. But he was not content with publishing. He must embellish the papers with "additions and interpolations." That forced the author of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" to action. "If these things must be published," he said, "they shall be published as I wrote them." Hence these two volumes in the procession of his "Collected Works."

What of them? They show the making of the man who has made the world listen to him. Literature they certainly are not. They are life—full-blooded, vigorous, rushing life. Slangy, slipshod, vulgar, if you will, but brimful with capacity and zest. They are like the plunge of a boy into the world on a first term holiday. Everything he sees is of interest. Everything must be seen, handled, and understood. There is nothing perfunctory about this special correspondent. Every day is new to him, every incident has its meaning, every man he meets must stand and deliver his experiences. There is so much to do, he has not time to choose his words. The first expressive phrase that comes into his mind will serve: "I Gladsided him," is one. These articles are indeed a writer in the making. Again and again there are hints, things seen, things heard, things felt, that have matured in his mind, and been used afterwards in story and verse. And yet there are people who will call these volumes horrid, as there are charming women who gather up their skirts when Walt Whitman is mentioned. Well, life is not all pink teas and Chopin.

Mr. Le Gallienne is writing a book about Kipling, which should be interesting, as by temperament and inclination he is at the opposite pole. He is a dreamer, a sentimentalist, a writer of pretty things, a fashioner of images, a keen appreciator of the graces in other writers. Many men might have conceived the plot of "The Worshipper of the Image" (Lane); only Mr. Le Gallienne would have written it in the way it is written. I read it after plunging through "From Sea to Sea," and I seemed to be transported to a sunny landscape on a Sunday evening, what time the bells were ringing for church. "The Worshipper of the Image" is an allegory, but if you ask me for the moral I can only shake my head and quote to you the last four lines of this sad, pretty little book: "The eyes of Silencieux were wide open, and from her lips hung a dark moth with the face of death between his wings." Silencieux, you must understand, was the mask of a beautiful girl, purchased by Antony, a poet, because of her resemblance to his wife Beatrice. They lived in the heart of the country, and they had one child, called Wonder. The mask brought "dreifull tragedy" to the little household, for Antony fell in love with her (Silencieux had the gift of speech), and neglected Beatrice so much so that in the end she drowned herself, and Antony, bending over the pool, said, "How beautiful she looks, how beautiful, lying there among the lilies!" Wonder was sacrificed by Antony to Silencieux, and he himself went mad. Only Silencieux lived on with her strange beauty; and I wish that in time of war Mr. Le Gallienne would give us something more cheerful than sad stories of minor poets, and the disaster that comes of their wayward loves.

"In war, they say—and it is true—men grow callous: an afternoon of shooting and the loss of your brother hurts you less than a week before did a thorn in your dog's foot." This is an extract from Mr. G. W. Stevens's last book, "From Cape Town to Ladysmith" (Blackwood), one of the many unfinished books that literature holds. It begins cheerily with his arrival at Cape Town on Oct. 10; it ends at Ladysmith under the date Dec. 6, and is followed by a sympathetic "Last Chapter" by Mr. Vernon Blackburn. In this last chapter we are told all that is at present known of Mr. Stevens's last days. Here, too, are collected the tributes of the Press and others to this brilliant and well-beloved writer, who at the age of thirty, found "his ultimate gift of rest." We, at home, who follow the dreadful tales of battles in our morning papers, feel the truth of the extract with which I have begun this note. Men grow callous in war, but reading between the lines of the latter part of the volume, we learn that for the sensitive and imaginative man there is a worse thing than battle. And that the misery of existence in a beleaguered town. The chapters wherein Mr. Stevens describes the life in Ladysmith have a permeating that haunts one, spite of the humor and high spirits that he would convey in his prose. The weariness of it, the hope deferred from day to day, the ever-recurring sight of maimed humanity, and the terrible knowledge that they are enduring a hot war, war, war. But before these dreary days Mr. Stevens had his gayety and his love of life. His account of the life of Ladysmith and the life at the front, I have already mentioned in a former issue of the *Illustrated London News*. He is so full of the life of the front, that the thread of the narrative is not always easy to follow. Some of the connecting letters have clearly been lost, but they are of the battles and disasters that precede the siege of Ladysmith are imperishably here. And he who reads will not forget.

QUILL.

LORD ROBERTS'S VISITS.

Afternoon teas in war-time are rare occasions; so that when one such fell to the lot of Lord Roberts at Admiralty House, Simon's Bay, near Cape Town, it was worth the record the photographer made of it. The hostess, Lady Harris, is to be seen, with Admiral Sir Robert Harris; also the Admiral's Flag-Lieutenant, M. A. Kennard, and Lord Roberts's Aide-de-Camp. A more formal ceremony is that of a visit to Wynberg Hospital. The Commander-in-Chief awaits admission to pay a call upon the sick and wounded within. A most welcome and sympathetic visitor we can well believe him to be, for he is not only the hero of the Army, but also a father wearing a crape on his uniform in token of the loss of his only son in this same war.

ART. NOTES.

Amid the clash of arms, an exhibition of old armour—of offence and defence—is eminently appropriate; but it is only by an undesigned coincidence that the intentions of the Burlington Fine Arts Club have been realised in a time of war. The chief aim of this interesting exhibition is to show the high artistic excellence to which ironwork could be brought by the file and the chisel in the hands of the embosser or the piercer. In the days to which this exhibition extends—the days of the Black Prince—the thoughts of men who possessed money chiefly turned towards military life. The result is that the principal relics of that period relate to the tournament or the battlefield. Sir Richard Pembridge's helm, the most ancient of these relics, is of such stern and simple design that we must regard it as intended for serious purposes; but the majority of the highly embossed or inlaid casques and helmets were intended for ornament, or for friendly tilting-matches. In like manner, the swords, of which the fashion was more liable to change, because of the class distinction which sword-wearing conferred, were more often designed for ornament than for use. There is, however, an elaborate Italian rapier of the sixteenth century, which, although much decorated, is a venomous weapon, being toothed for its entire length. The German swords and rapiers are distinguishable by the careful protection afforded to the hand by means of cunningly contrived hilts. Pistols are also weapons of which the possession probably long survived the absolute need and use—and it must be allowed that the majority of those exhibited are unwieldy, and would prove of doubtful aid in case of sudden attack.

The ironwork, however, of the period which extends from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century was not wholly devoted to arms and armour, and it is here possible to compare the metal-work of various countries at contemporary periods in the matter of locks and keys and caskets. The former, especially the French, were apparently almost universally applied to chests, although we have reason to believe that when the King of France



Photo. Fyne and Co., Cape Town.

LORD ROBERTS VISITING THE SICK AND WOUNDED AT WYNBERG HOSPITAL.

travelled, or visited his subjects, an officer of the Court carried a lock which was attached to the King's bed-room; and it is in this connection that the Lord Chamberlain still receives a key as his badge of office. A key of Windsor Castle, made for William III. and lent by the Queen, may lend itself to other suggestions. As a rule, the French domestic ironwork shows more taste and inventiveness than

either German or English, the latter being rather imitative of Flemish work. A wonderful ciborium of Milanese work, lent by Lady de Rothschild, and a wood cabinet, with plaques of damascened work, lent by Mr. D. M. Currie, are among the most beautiful objects in the room.

The possibilities of pastels are very great, but it cannot honestly be said that the members of the Pastel Society have taken full advantage of them in their exhibition at the Royal Institute. It is enough to see what results are occasionally obtained, as, for instance, by Mr. G. Clouston, M. L'Hermitte, Mr. Mark Fisher, and one or two others, to realise that, in certain ways, pastelists can obtain more brilliant effects than painters in either oils or water-colours. The point of illumination seems more accurately attained in chalk than in any other medium. The height of brilliancy, in colour at least, is reached by Mr. Abbey in "The Viking's Wife," a most striking production; but somehow Mr. Ryam Shaw seems to fail to reach similar results, and his chief work, "Inspiration Chained to Poverty and Riches," seems to miss its mark both as a picture and as a moral, on the ground of *qui dit trop, ne dit rien*. Mr. Fritz Thaulow is always interesting and generally enterprising, and his "Storm at Dieppe" is up to his reputation. Mr. J. M. Swan and Mr. Nettleship both show the applicability of pastels to animal drawing and colouring. Mr. Fernan Lladron has some very striking studies of London street life and riverside scenery by lamplight. His "Mist and Moon" at Hungerford Bridge might almost pass for Whistler's work; but his "Piccadilly Circus" is crowded with objects too sharply defined for light so little diffused as that from his gas and electric lamps.

M. Pagnan Bouveret's latest excursion into the domain of religious art is in every way most eccentric and unconventional. A pyramidal Madonna in a green dress, nursing an attenuated Child, does not command either reverence or admiration. The whole picture is in various shades of green, and the throne on which the Virgin is seated is in a sylvan retreat, for which one in vain seeks the meaning, whilst the prostrate youth and fawn nestling at her feet are alike unintelligible. The picture is to be seen at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, and will, at least, provide a surprise for its visitors.

"The Year's Art" (H. Virtue and Co.) attains its majority this year, and satisfactorily vindicates its claim to existence. If it does not contain everything which an artist or an art-student may wish to know, it does contain everything that is likely to be of practical use to either. It is not the editor's fault that the art-criticisms of the year are not included. The blame rests with the red-tapeism and pedantry of officials, who forget that they hold their posts as trustees for the public, which has a right to obtain art information through such a recognised channel as "The Year's Art."

Flag-Lieutenant M. A. Kennard.



Lord Roberts's A.D.C.

Admiral Sir R. Harris.

Lady Harris.

Lord Roberts.

LORD ROBERTS AT ADMIRALTY HOUSE, SIMON'S BAY.

OUR COLONIAL AUXILIARIES: THE SECOND NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT.

New Zealand has a name, we may remember with almost ironical interest at this moment, of Dutch origin. The first European to sight it was Captain Abel Jansen Tasman (whence Tasmania), who first called it Staaten, in honour of the States General of Holland, and then changed its name to Nova Zeelandia. That was three and a half centuries ago, and much has happened since then. More than a century later Captain Cook followed the Dutch navigator with better effect, and it by now the Dutch derivation of the name of an English colony had not already become blurred in man's memory, the events of the last few months would have sufficed to efface its significance. For this colony in particular, among all the Australasian Colonies in general, may be named the land of the new zeal for the Mother-Country. The sending-out of its first corps for service in South Africa has been duly noted in our pages, which now contain illustrations of episodes concerning the preparations for the setting forth of the second. Under the command of Major Cradock, the new contingent is to be seen in camp at Wellington—the camp under the charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Somerville.

Once or twice during the course of the war allusions have been made to the fine scouting qualities of the Maoris, and to the possibilities of obtaining their services. Practical difficulties have frustrated any results from this novel suggestion; but it is not impossible that at some future time a corps of scouts may be recruited from the Maoris, who still number about forty thousand, remnants of the one hundred and twenty thousand who witnessed the arrival of the first colonists. The Maori War was a



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SOMERVILLE, IN CHARGE OF NEW ZEALANDERS' CAMP,
AND MAJOR CRADOCK, IN COMMAND OF DETACHMENT.

serious encounter; but the present peacefulness of the natives, a race of quick intelligence, may be measured by the comparatively small defences the colony thinks it necessary to maintain against them. The Volunteer forces consist of three or four cavalry corps, about a dozen mounted rifle corps, and some ten corps of field artillery, all of about fifty men each; under twenty corps of naval artillery of about seventy men each; about three thousand riflemen and two hundred engineers. There is also a permanent Militia force, with four batteries of artillery stationed at Auckland, Dunedin, Lyttelton—a name of good omen—and Wellington, the headquarters, whereat the contingent for South Africa was found by our photographer encamped. There is a torpedo corps, with torpedo-boats attached. Batteries have also been erected at all the four ports just mentioned. More than £100,000 a year has been spent over a series of years upon these defences; and the colony is now well known as a station for a portion of the Australian Fleet, with a peace establishment of two vessels of war.

In the matter of the alleged shooting of Messrs. McLauchlan, Glover, and Robbins for refusing service with the Boers against their own countrymen, enough time has now passed to allow of a confirmation which has never come. The crime of Harris Smith on Christmas Day was, therefore, we may safely assume, never committed; and if its cancelling means that the three Englishmen are struck from the roll of patriot-martyrs, it means also that a cruel execution is not to be laid to the enemy's charge.



CAMP OF THE SECOND NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT AT WELLINGTON.

War Balloon.



MR. WRIGHT, CORRESPONDENT TO ENGLISH AND SOUTH AFRICAN NEWSPAPERS.



CANADIANS ON GUARD AT RAILWAY STATION, BELMONT.



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NAVAL OFFICERS IN COMMAND OF 47-IN. GUNS AT MODDER RIVER.



HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY WATERING HORSES AT RENSBURG CAMP.

SCENES AT THE MODDER RIVER AND RENSBURG.

Photographs by E. de Klerk.

LADIES' PAGE.

Madame Patti's appearance on the boards of the same Opera House that has been so often the scene of triumphs for the diva was the occasion for a great demonstration of her unabated popularity. It was a crowded house, and the enjoyment of the audience was so unmistakably manifested that Madame Patti sang nearly twice as much as was promised beforehand, in response to the applause of her auditors. Her charming appearance must be

dispensed both at mess and in other kinds of regimental parties, the subscriptions, the racing and card-table risks that are almost compulsory, the polo ponies, and all the other sources of expenditure that are incumbent on a man who wants to hold his own in a "good" regiment, are an insuperable obstacle to the entry into the Army of many young men who would be excellent officers. But then, so long as there is an adequate supply of men who can afford it all, and who are yet able and willing (as they are now proving) to lead their men coolly and heroically into action—why should the nation complain? It is wonderful, perhaps, that numbers of men who find all that makes life tolerable at their command should be willing to risk it in their country's service, but surely it is a fine fact in its way!

This is the season when we all wish we could lift the veil of early futurity, and know our lot in the matter of spring raiment before the ordinary run of womankind. The arbiters of taste, the great Paris dressmakers, and in their degree the London ones, might testily reply to our inquiries that they do not yet know themselves what will be worn—and it would be true; for just as a member of Parliament is aware what Bill he intends to present to the House, but cannot for the life of him prophesy (and only wishes he could) what the decision of the House will be, so the dress-designers have fully settled the styles that they will offer, but have no power, much to their own regret, of foretelling which of the variety offered will be generally accepted by women who lead the fashions. We are certainly less sheep-like in dress than was once the case. We do not adopt unquestioningly the garments offered by any one modiste. Nobody has succeeded to the despotic sceptre that the original Worth wielded over the Court of the Empress Eugénie, and it is an occurrence of each successive season for a model to be taken into high favour by the authorities of trade and absolutely rejected by the independent female public. While there are whispers of prophecy gently granted to our eager inquiries, therefore, we cannot be sure that the indications will be followed. At present, "they say" that brocades are to be reintroduced for day and evening wear. Also "they say" that our styles are to approximate to those of the First Empire, especially for evening dresses; and the hard line replacing berthe and folded draperies along the bust of the newest models is a straw to show that tendency. But no prudent woman will have a smart dress made just at this time of year, if she can help it. Tailor gowns are safe purchases; their styles vary but little from season to season. But for more "dressy" gowns, wait till I have reliable news for you in a few weeks.

Black and white, it may be safely said, are to retain the ascendancy that they have so long enjoyed in our good graces. The tendency to forsake that fancy for something more novel is counterbalanced by the prevalence of complimentary or half mourning. A black gown is smart, if quiet, trimmed with black-and-white striped silk cut on the cross. A vest of this material, cut in one with the high collar and so arranged that a row of the stripes met V-shape down the exact front of the figure, between plain stitched side-pieces of the bodice, had a *chic* appearance. A ceinture, high under the arms and sloping down to the front, is another way of adding black and white to a plain black gown that is favourable to smartness if well managed. Fastening a gown, with a little folding deftly done, across from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist and slightly draping the material there, is a means adopted to relieve the severity of the Princess style, and a black-and-white yoke and sash with bow and ends are employed in conjunction with good effect. A smart gown worn at a Paris wedding was of fine satin-cloth in Princess form, the front all down laid in a semi-loose pleat embroidered with black-and-white chenille, the design widening to the feet. A *chic* little notion was seen in a bodice that turned back with white satin-covered revers from neck to waist, one revers carrying on it, near the neck, three very handsome enamel buttons of rather large size, and the opposite revers being decorated with three button-holes piped round with satin, to give the idea that they could fold forward and meet in friendly partnership if this were so desired; the vest that they consented to reveal by their separation was of white lace lightly embroidered with gold spangles, the dress as a whole being black beige, with a *bonne femme* skirt stitched down all round the back and front to within twelve inches of the foot, thence flowing free.

A decided novelty for the spring is the production of rough-surfaced tweeds in pastel colours. The face of the fabric is as rough as that of an Irish frieze, while the tones are those dainty, bright, and yet subdued harmonies that we are accustomed to find only in smooth cloths. A charming pink is the prettiest colour that I have seen in these novelties; it was shown me made up quite plainly as a coat and skirt, with the revers of the coat faced with a bit of soft white silk worked all over in tiny pink and blue flowerets, and opening over a plain gathered vest and collar of white soft silk; the whole effect of this costume was quite charming. Pastel blues are very good in these rough-surfaced tweeds, too, but the pink has a peculiar charm to my eye.

Our Illustrations show cloth gowns for the season. The one that boasts the pointed bolero is braided in black, and has a satin collar and waistband, with a lace yoke and tie; the braided skirt is arranged in pleats. The other is a light cloth gown trimmed with bands of satin, and having a silk waistband; the skirt is pleated, and there is a large collar and also a front of lace.

I regret to hear that there is some misunderstanding about the proposed Convalescent Home for Wounded Soldiers at Windsor, with which the name of Princess Christian was connected, and towards which, largely because of that name, an important sum was subscribed. It is unfortunate that even in relation to charity, unpleasantness will arise from the clash of wills and the diversities of judgment. But Princess Christian is too kind

and good to allow her benevolence to be thus damped. It has not been yet adequately recognised that it is largely due to H.R.H. that the Army Nursing Reserve was organised a few years ago, and that accordingly there was instantly ready in the emergency that has arisen a list of nurses, not merely qualified in general nursing, but specially trained and certificated in military nursing, and knowing Army rules. The nurses of the Royal Army Nursing Reserve have had a special course at the great soldiers' hospital at Netley in addition to their ordinary hospital-training elsewhere. And this was all arranged and managed by Princess Christian as President of the Royal British Nurses' Association two or three years ago.

Rival exhibitions of women's work and progress are in process of organisation: one is to be held at Glasgow, with Princess Louise of Lorne and her niece of Fife as members of the honorary committee; and the other is to be in London, at the familiar seat of exhibitions, Earl's Court. Surely this duplicate attention is a token of the advance of woman in the past century! Yet no such displays can be at all fair exponents of the work that women do in the world; for the greater and more important part of it, the domestic labour and management, it is not possible to show in any way or shape; while, even in work outside the home, so much is done by women in conjunction with men that it cannot be exhibited as "woman's" work specifically. For instance, many more women than men are employed in the textile trades, yet it is not possible to display the fabrics, on which men have surely performed some portion of the varied processes, as being specifically the work of women. Both committees are asking for the loan of portraits or other relics of famous women of the past century.

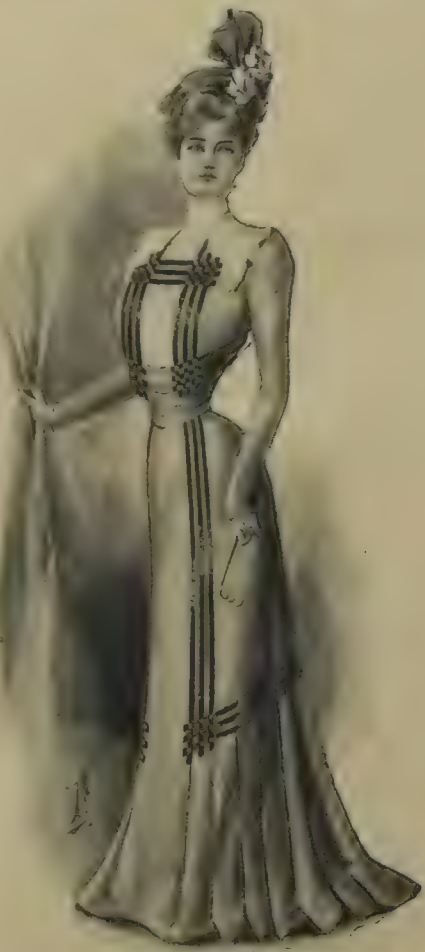
Apologies, there is never a show to which one would send a visitor from another country as a fair specimen display of the paintings of our women artists at the exhibition of the "Lady Artists," and the present show in Suffolk Street does not greatly differ in this regard from its predecessors. For why? Because the best women prefer to send their best work to the great general exhibitions, the Academy, the New Gallery, or the Institute, and not to a merely "female" exhibition. But there is some admirable work on show in the rooms devoted to women's work in arts and crafts: bookbinding, embroideries, wood-carving, wax-modelling, and other handicrafts of the



A REASONABLE COSTUME.

allowed a share in the effect that she produces; her voice is like unto fine gold worked with skill, but her beauty and her sympathetic air are an indescribable enhancement of the charm of her music. Madame Patti wore sky-blue brocaded satin in a large design of leaves and lily blossoms, embroidered all over with gold paillettes, and trimmed with a panel of lace and flouncings of it on the long train; on the corsage, a cluster of dark violets harmonised well with the pale blue of the gown; and her diamonds were splendid and numerous, the tiara especially being of magnificent stones. Rubies, emeralds, and turquoises appeared, too, in different "pieces," the turquoises forming a sort of girldle below the waist, and the rubies being arranged in three chains that outlined and centred the vest. The programmes were sold by "society" ladies—young in years, but several were youthful matrons—clad in bright raiment of red satin, with gold bands round the skirt, and vests and revers and collars of white satin. The dresses of the audience at large might be described without inaccuracy and with possibly commendable terseness as being nearly all either white or black; here and there a mauve, or a blue, or a pink satin, or a red, or an emerald velvet gown, just broke the charm—but nine out of ten at least of those present wore the colours that are *not* colours, and black very much predominated over the more cheerful snowy raiment. The royal party was entirely in half-mourning. The Princess of Wales wore a diaphanous black gown trimmed with black lace and relieved by diamonds and pearls. Princess Henry of Battenberg also wore black tulle, with diamond ornaments in hair and corsage, and one string of large pearls for necklace. The Marchioness of Lansdowne (who organised the performance in aid of the Officers' Families Fund, of which she is President) relieved her dress with white roses.

Lady Lansdowne, who is a sister of Lord George Hamilton, by the way, has an exceptionally large number of relatives actually at the front, including her eldest son. I believe that, all told, some twenty quite near relatives of the Secretary for War and the Secretary for India are actively engaged with the forces. It is good to have it proven that the "gilded youth" of our nation is ready not merely to enjoy the associations and conditions of Army life in the piping times of peace, but equally so to risk life, and the health and physical strength and perfectness that alone make life worth enduring, in the perilous hour of war. Complaint is being raised of the expense attendant on an officer's career, and, no doubt, the costly mess dinners, with the hospitalities so freely



A FASHIONABLE CLOTH GOWN.

artistic order include many specimens that are well worth a visit from a connoisseur. There is no general exhibition in which such achievements can be shown and judged "as work, not as mere woman's work." Hence they are in a "ladies' exhibition."

What a strange thing prejudice is, to be sure! In besieged Kimberley, we learn, most of the women and nearly all the children refused to eat the horseflesh that was the only meat to be obtained. Yet on what reasonable ground can such an aversion rest? Vegetarianism has its reason, certainly; but this exclusiveness in the meat-eater is mere whim!

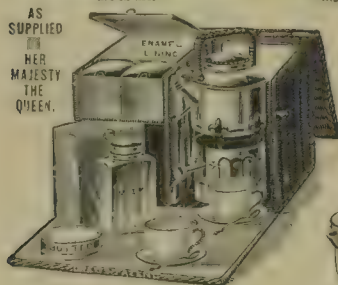
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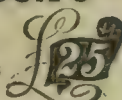
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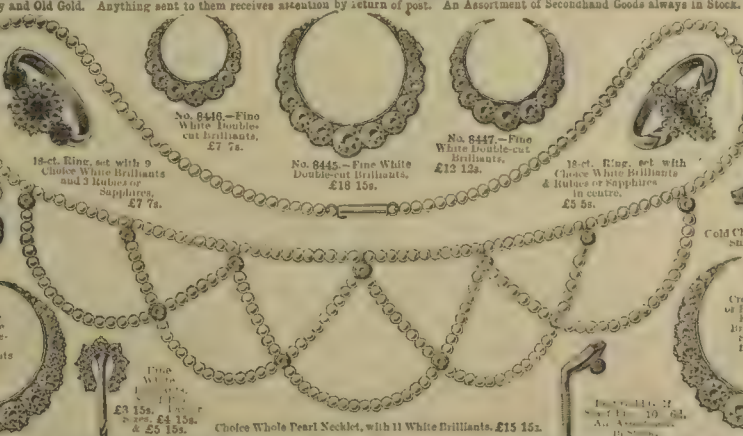
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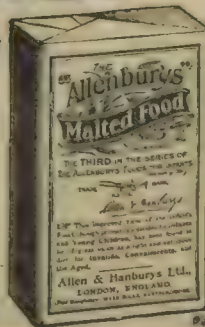
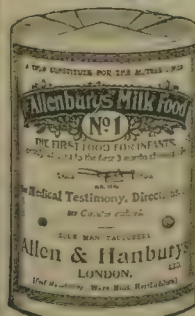
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FROM HOMER TO TENNYSON.

Of all the varied revelations which research and science have made within the present century, nothing is more interesting than that of the great antiquity of civilisation. We have now positive records of the existence of a relatively high state of advancement which antedate the year 4001, once assigned by Archbishop Usher as the time of the creation of the world. The arts in a crude way, the sciences, and even literature itself, were cultivated at a time so remote that their origin, as Macaulay would have said, is lost in the twilight of fable.

One side of this fascinating story, that of literature, is revealed in the great LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE which Dr. Garnett has edited and the *Standard* has issued. Embracing the literature of all time, it opens with a curious story which belongs to an age before even parchment or papyrus had been invented, when men wrote in curious wedge-shaped characters on tablets of soft clay, which were afterwards baked and numbered like the leaves of a book, and deposited in great libraries like that of Assurbanipal at Nineveh. It is from the latter, which must have been the Alexandrian Library of its time, that the quaint and curious story of the "Adventures of Istar," so closely and so strangely resembling much of the Book of Genesis, although probably written a thousand years or more before, has come. After years of laborious investigation and comparison, the story has been translated, and the translation forms the opening pages of the new LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE.

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From the days when this story was written to our own covers an expanse of perhaps sixty centuries. To gather a thousand of the masterpieces of these sixty centuries has been the aim of this great work. To the making of the work, many hands, the best trained, have contributed. The Editor-in-Chief is Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., and it is from the most eminent men of letters in England, but in France, Germany, Italy, and America, have contributed. THE LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE is, in short, world-wide in its scope, and one of its most noteworthy features has been the inclusion of a generous share of American literature, the bulk of which, we believe, will be new to English readers.



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PANTE.



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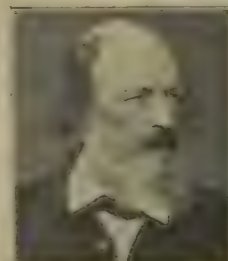
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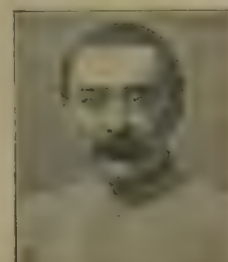
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KIPLING

THE GREAT LITERATURE OF THE WORLD.

IN TWENTY HANDSOME VOLUMES.

THAT men of such high and varied culture, and profound acquaintance with books, should collaborate in the production of the new LIBRARY stamps it as a work of the highest authority. But while THE LIBRARY OF LITERATURE is all that, it is a library of interesting literature first and foremost. That, indeed, has been the test. Nothing has been chosen because it was considered great once. The requirement has been that it be attractive and instructive to men and women of to-day. Not a work for scholars and pedants, THE LIBRARY, perhaps, makes its largest appeal to that wide class of ever scant leisure who, amid the preoccupations of their busy lives, still wish to know something of the best of their time. For such as these THE LIBRARY is simply invaluable. In short—as its perhaps rather ambitious title suggests—it is a complete library in itself. It contains more than many people will read in a lifetime, and even the scholar and the student will find there many choice specimens he might otherwise have missed.

Care has been taken, too, that the selections should be not merely representative in quality, but in extent as well. It would be absurd to attempt a clear idea of the prose style of Milton, of Matthew Arnold, of Ruskin, of Emerson, or of Goethe, to cite only a few names, by means of a few brief pages, essays or chapters from their pens have, therefore, been given entire. Likewise, it would be absurd to illustrate the story-telling, the art of Stevenson, or Maupassant, or Poe, with anything less than complete tales. Some of them occupy thirty and forty of the large pages of THE LIBRARY. In short, to use Dr. Garnett's own phrase, such selections have been sought which have a beginning, a middle, and an end; in brief, are complete in themselves—not mere scraps, but the full picture. True, a poem may occupy but a page, and there is even a very great short story, given in its entirety, which occupies but a page and a half, a wonderful thing in the way of compression. But, in general, it might be said that the selections average in length what may be agreeably read at a sitting—Edgar Allan Poe's test, by the way, of true poetry; and it might be applied to prose as well.

Of the vast range of THE LIBRARY it is next to impossible to afford an adequate idea. But it gives something of a hint to learn that there are two large indexes—one a general index of authors, titles, first lines, and the like; the other a topical index of subjects—and that these two great indexes comprise together some 10,000 entries. Every form, as well as every age, of literature is represented; but it goes without saying that THE LIBRARY devotes a considerable space to that especial form which in these modern days has assumed so much importance—fiction and the short story.

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A man is never more vexed than when he has just missed a train, and sees it moving out of the station, taking other people to the place where he wanted to go. He did not know until that moment how keen he was to go, and, in all probability, he lost the train because he had not made up his mind until the last moment.

That is the frame of mind in which a good many people will find themselves when the *Standard* has withdrawn the temporary offer it now makes in connection with THE LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE. The advertisements have appeared day after day. If you like to have the best sort of books in your house, and like to get the best possible bargain for your money, you must have said to yourself that you would like to secure THE LIBRARY. But you had other things to think about, the paper was full of war news, and you did not stop to cut out the order-form just then.

NOW THERE IS NO MORE TIME TO LOSE. If you delay, the train will have started without you—the train, so to speak, that runs through the varied and beautiful domains of the world's literature, where the masterpieces of all the ages stand forth like mountains, where fiction and humour and verse flow in ample streams, where harvests of pleasure and profit, too, await your coming. It is a land of delights, to which, if you have but little leisure, you may go for only ten minutes at a time, always returning refreshed and stimulated; a land in which you may spend long, cosy evenings, forgetting the March winds; a land to which the members of your family may journey with you, and return with a thousand pleasant impressions and recollections to discuss.

To follow out the simile, to-day you may for half-fare book your passage to this lovely country, which is so easily reached and yet so far removed from the cares and fatigues of daily life, and your ticket will not be for one journey only, but for life, enabling you to run all the way up and down the line as often as you please, stopping where you wish.

Few will wish to lose such an opportunity! But, to drop metaphor, probably on Saturday, certainly by Monday, the introductory edition will be exhausted, and no more sets will remain to be had at half the regular price. If you do not wish to lose a great opportunity, you must make up your mind at once.

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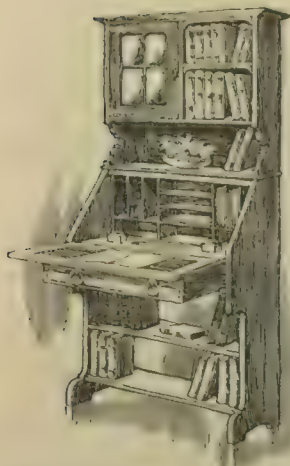
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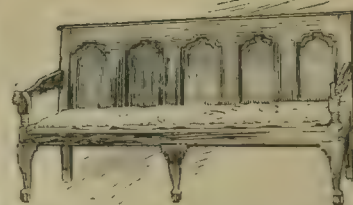
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In consequence of the disappointment of so many people at their not having secured a copy of the First Number of THE SPHERE, it has been decided to print a Second Edition entirely on Art Paper, which will be sold at the rate of One Shilling per copy. This reprint can be obtained of all Newsagents and at all Bookstalls if ordered by the end of February.

If preferred, it can be sent direct from the Publishing Office of THE SPHERE, Great New Street, E.C., by Parcels Post in flat envelope, for One Shilling and Fourpence per copy. Orders should be sent in by March 3.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1898) of Sir Henry Tate, Bart., of Park Hill, Streatham, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Feb. 13 by Dame Amy Fanny Tate, the widow, Sir William Henry Tate and Edwin Tate, the sons, and Cyrus Daniell, the executors, the value of the estate being £1,263,365. He bequeaths all his furniture and household effects to his wife; £100,000 each to his sons William Henry, Alfred, Edwin, and Henry; £75,000 to his son George Booth; the income for life of £20,000 to his son Caleb Ashworth, who has already been provided for; £100,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters Mrs. Isolina Geo and Mrs. Agnes Esther Robinson; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law Edith Kate Tate, the wife of his son George Booth, for life, and then for their children; £2000 each to his executors; £3000 to his cousin George Booth; £3000 to his great-nephew Herbert W. Tate; £2000 to Hanway Beale; £1000 each to George P. Tate, Jane Dawson, Annie Tate, Mary Ellen Roberts, Alice Cook, and Victoria Irving; £5000 each to his grandchildren; £2000 upon trust for his niece Mrs. Clara Beale; £2000 each to Herbert Robert Hislop and his secretary, William Hughes, if in his employ at the time of his death; £1000 each to Mrs. Amy Emma Huntington, Miss Mary Gertrude Sayers, Edward Smith, his son Caleb's companion, Dr. Gardiner Gould, Mrs. Mary L. Fairbank and Mrs. Mary Wilmot; and legacies to friends, servants and persons in the employ of Henry Tate and Co. He

devotes his freehold residence, Park Hill, to his son William Henry, but his wife is to have the use and enjoyment thereof during her widowhood. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety each to his wife and son William Henry.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1891), with five codicils (dated Nov. 13, 1894, April 10 and May 3, 1897, and May 10 and Sept. 13, 1899), of Mr. William Montagu Tharp, J.P., D.L., of Chippenhain Park, Cambridge, and 21, Lennox Gardens, S.W., who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Feb. 16 by Mrs. Annabella Lucy Tharp, the widow, and Arthur Keane Tharp, the cousin, the executors, the value of the estate being £108,582. The testator devises Chippenhain Park and all other his real estate, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, but charged with the payment of £300 per annum to Arthur Keane Tharp; £100 per annum each to Theodore Augustus Tharp and Juliet Tharp, and an additional £100 per annum to Theodore Augustus Tharp on the death or remarriage of his wife. Should Mrs. Tharp again marry, an annuity of £2000 is to be paid to her. Subject thereto, all his real property is to be held, upon trust, for Arthur Keane Tharp, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. He bequeaths £1000 and his jewels to his wife; £2500, upon trust, for his niece Ethel Matilda Watts; £2000 and certain live and dead stock to his nephew Edward Charles Bond; £2000, upon trust, for his nephew

Gerald Gordon Bond; £1000 to his niece Leila Louisa Bond; £1000, upon trust, for his godson Maurice Montagu Bond; £500 each to Arthur Keane Tharp, his niece Anna Laura George, and his cousin Emily Georgiana Hanning Lee; £200 to his cousin Juliet Tharp; and legacies to servants. The furniture, pictures, works of art, etc., at his two residences are to devolve as heirlooms. The residue of his property is to be held upon the like trusts as those of his real estate.

The will (dated Jan. 4, 1898) of Mr. Peter Pandia Rodocanachi, of 125, Westbourne Terrace, who died at Worthing on Dec. 18, was proved on Feb. 17 by Pandia Peter Rodocanachi, the son, and John Michel Zanfi, Emanuel Sechiari, and Michel George Mavrogordato, the sons-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £105,415. The testator gives £5000 and his furniture and household effects and jewels to his wife, Mrs. Jenny Rodocanachi. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for her for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children, and in default thereof to his sons and daughters, the share of each son to be double that of each daughter. By another testamentary document made at Leghorn on March 19, 1898, he gave certain property at Leghorn and in Russia to his sons Pandia and Paolo.

The will (dated Oct. 7, 1897) of Mr. Daniel Radford, J.P., of Mount Tavy, Tavistock, Devon, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on Feb. 2 by Alfred Joseph Vooght Radford, the son, George Heynes Radford, the son-in-law,

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and Frederick Watt, the executors, the value of the estate being £105,857. The testator bequeaths to his wife £2000, and his furniture and household effects; upon trust for his son Arnold Daniel, £11,000; to his son Howard Edmonds, £10,000; to his daughter Alice Emily Allen, £10,000; to his son Harold Thomas, £6000; to his granddaughter Dorothea Mary Turner, £1000; to his executors £500 each; and other legacies. He devises numerous farms, lands, and premises in Devonshire to his son Harold Thomas, but charged with the payment of £15,000, part of the above legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, and his children Emma Louisa, Lydia Lucy Turner, Howard Edmonds, Amy Eliza Porter, and Alice Emily Allen, his other children being well provided for.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1896) of Sir James Paget, F.R.S., of 5, Park Square West, Regent's Park, who died on Dec. 30, was proved on Feb. 19 by Sir John Rahere Paget, the son, the Rev. Henry Lewis Thompson, the son-in-law, and Sir Thomas Smith, Bart., the executors, the value of the estate being £74,701. The testator gives the likeness of the late Prince Leopold, given to him by the Queen, two silver tankards presented to him by the Prince

of Wales, small engraved portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, given to him by themselves, a coloured photograph of the Princess of Wales, given to him by herself, and £10,000 to his son John Rahere; £8000 to his son the Rev. Francis Paget; £2000 to his son the Rev. Henry Luke Paget; his surgical books and instruments, the furniture and pictures in his consulting-room, and £8000 to his son Stephen Paget; £10,000 to his daughter Mrs. Catherine Thompson; £20,000 and part of his furniture to his daughter Mary Maud; £100 to Sir Thomas Smith; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his six children. He states that the benefits to his children are to be in addition to what he has given them.

The will and codicil (both dated Nov. 9, 1899) of Mr. Richard Hatley Crabb, of Baddow Place, Great Baddow, Essex, who died on Nov. 15, were proved on Feb. 15 by Colonel Henry George Crabb, the brother, Frederick William Burr, the nephew, and Henry Crabb Canham, the executors, the value of the estate being £71,938. The testator gives £2000 to the Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews; £500 each to the Evangelisation Society, the Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the London

Missionary Society; and £2000, upon trust, to apply the income in augmentation of the living of the Parish Church of Great Baddow, during such time as the service shall be free from all Roman or Ritualistic practices or errors, and carried on strictly in accordance with the Protestant Evangelical teaching of the Church of England. His residence, Baddow Place, with the furniture and effects, is to be held, upon trust, for his three sisters, Charlotte, Eliza Pugh, and Mary Louisa, for life. On the death of the survivor of them, the same is to be sold, and the proceeds divided between his nephews and nieces, except his niece Laura Jane, the share of each nephew to be double that of each niece. He gives £7100 each to his sisters Charlotte, Eliza Pugh, and Mary Louisa; £7000 to his sister Harriet Bygrave Seabrook; £4000 each to his nephews the Rev. Reginald Crabb Burr, Frederick William Burr, and Albert Edward Burr; £500 each to his nephew and niece Leslie and Ella Seabrook; £300 each to his executors, except his brother; £100 to his niece Laura Jane Crabb; and legacies to servants. Mr. Crabb devised his house called Branwoods, and certain farms, lands, and cottages in Essex, to his brother for life, and then, upon trust, to pay £200 per annum to his wife Rosa, and subject thereto for his nephews and nieces, except his niece Laura

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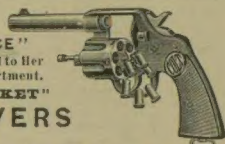
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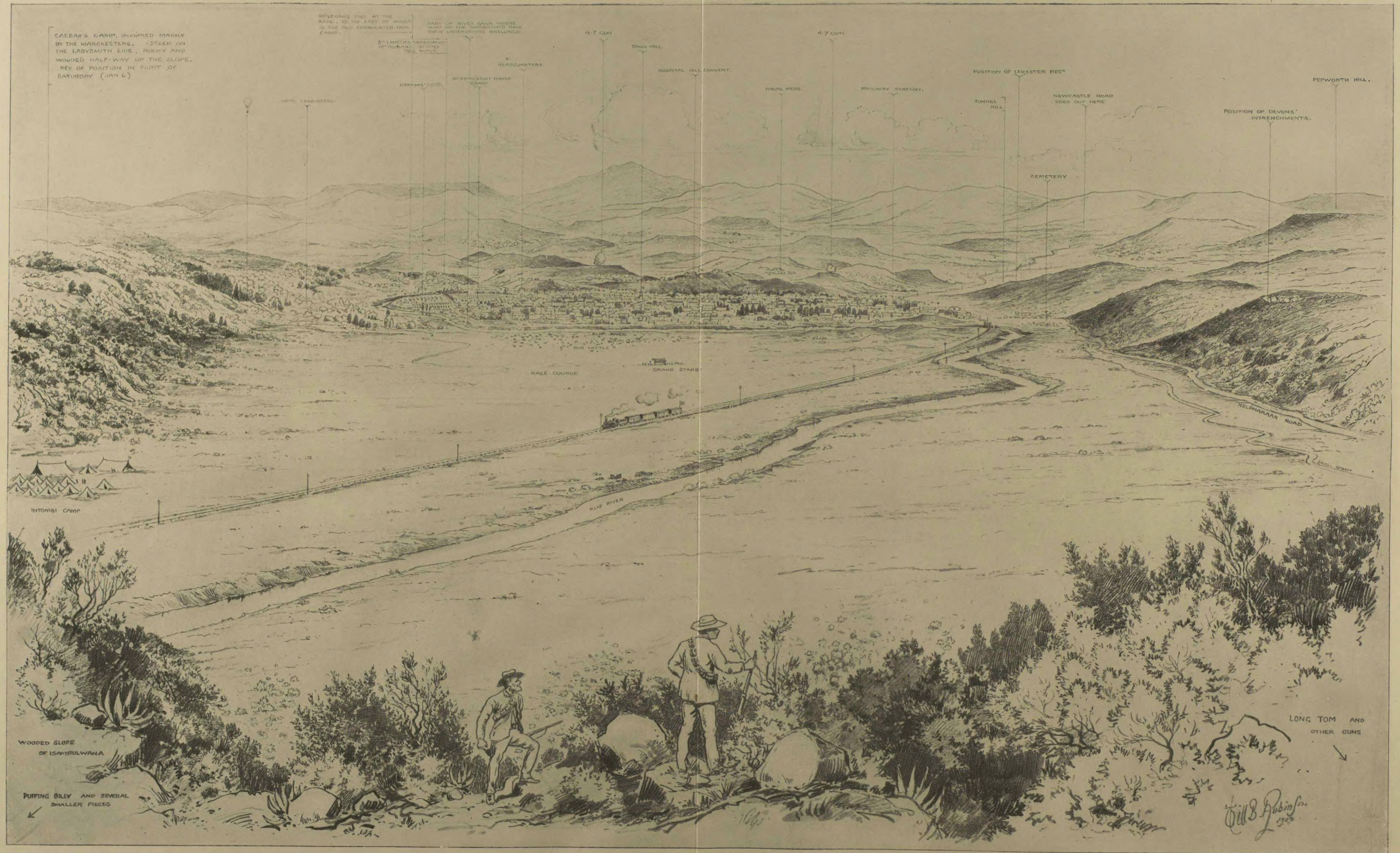
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THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. G. LYNCH.

A view of Isambulwana Hill, the point from which this sketch was taken, is given on the next page. The hospital-train is here seen on its way to Intombi Camp with its daily load of sick and wounded.

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ISAMBULWANA HILL AND LOMBARD'S KOP, WHENCE THE BOER GUNS ARE SHELLING LADYSMITH.

FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL SUTTLE, R.A.M.C.

The Sketch was taken from Convent Hill just before the investment of the town was completed.

(SEE PREVIOUS PAGE).